

"Pilot"

HALF FULL

Written by Hannah Murphy

murphyh4@gmail.com

COLD OPEN

EXT. STREET - DAY

FRANCIE LEE, 25, a well-meaning, but insufferable optimist and Youtube personality (think Meredith Hagner), speaks directly at the camera as she walks through a suspiciously empty city street.

FRANCIE

Hey guys, it's me, Francie! Welcome to "Frankly, Francie!", the show where I teach you how to live your best life through self care and radical thankfulness -- just like me!

Reveal that, off-camera, KAREN, 37, looking like she's always twenty seconds from a nervous breakdown, is working overtime to stop the chaos of cars, people, and every day city life from getting in the shot. Francie continues on, blissfully unaware of this labor.

FRANCIE (CONT'D)

Today, we're talking about state of mind and how important it is for your health and well-being. I'm no scientist, but my best friend, Guinevere, has the same thing that Stephen Hawking had, she just hasn't let it get to her. She's running her third marathon this winter.

Off-screen, Karen SHUSHES a MAN WITH A JACKHAMMER. She grabs a baby stroller from a MOTHER and sends it rolling in the opposite direction as the Mother SCREAMS and sprints after it. Karen gets nudged by a slow-moving car. Regaining balance, she grips the hood and pushes against it, making no progress as her feet slide behind her. Francie continues.

FRANCIE (CONT'D)

It can be hard to keep a positive state of mind, especially living in a bustling city, so it's important to take time to escape and find your zen away from the stresses of every day life -- like this empty street!

Francie holds her hands out, looks at the sky, and takes a DEEP BREATH. She drops her hands and addresses her crew as Karen runs up beside her, shaking a DOG off of her arm and sweating profusely.

FRANCIE (CONT'D)

Okay, we can cut!
(to Karen)
Should we do one more, for safety?

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Francie enters the kitchen in a satin robe like she's in a goddamn Michael Bublé music video.

FRANCIE

Alexa, play Michael Bublé.

Music plays as she carefully makes a latte. She grabs a handful of rose petals from her pocket and sprinkles them around. She takes a photo and one small sip, then declares:

FRANCIE (CONT'D)

Full!

She pours the rest down the sink. Enter BRAD, 26, an Abercrombie-model type. He is inexplicably shirtless and has a box of donuts.

FRANCIE (CONT'D)

Hey, babe!

BRAD

What's up, babe?

FRANCIE

Oh my Gosh! Did you bring me donuts?!

BRAD

Yeah. I wasn't sure what you were wearing, so I got a dozen assorted colors.

FRANCIE

("aw")

So it wouldn't clash with my outfit.
You're so sweet!

Francie throws her arms around Brad and kisses his cheek.

FRANCIE (CONT'D)

I must be the luckiest girl in the world!

BRAD

Ha, word. Um, actually can we talk about something?

FRANCIE

I know what you're gonna say and yes I did finish One Tree Hill without you. I know, I'm the worst!

BRAD

No, it's kind of more ser--

FRANCIE

(not hearing him)

I'll make it up to you. But I have to meet my sister for coffee in ten, so can it wait until dinner tonight?

BRAD

Uh, sure. Bye, babe.

Francie blows him a kiss and floats out of the kitchen.

EXT. CAFE - LATER

Francie sits across from her sister, TARA, 27, who is as practical as Francie is bubbly. She exudes the power and confidence of a straight white man. They are mid-conversation and drink lattes while splitting a slice of pie.

FRANCIE

Anyway, how's work?

TARA

A nightmare. You know assistants -- we're the first to arrive and last to leave. And this week is chaos.

FRANCIE

Oh no! And your boss is... sorry, what is it that he does again?

TARA

He runs a sustainable tech enterprise with a global finance component.

FRANCIE

Right. Duh! So you...?

TARA

Are excellent at assisting in it? Yes. How are you? How's the vlog?

FRANCIE

Better than ever! My boss even called me in for an emergency meeting this morning... I smell a raise!

TARA

Right. Because emergency meetings are always good news.

FRANCIE

(not picking up the sarcasm)

Mmhmm!

TARA

Well, Congrats! You're that much closer to being the 1 in 4000 that succeeds in an industry of flukes. How's Brad?

FRANCIE

Well, you know Brad. He puts so much pressure on himself at work, but he never has anything to worry about. He's such a natural!

Francie takes a sip of her latte.

TARA

It's weird a guy like him is in computer science. I would think he'd have a lot of modeling offers.

FRANCIE

(spitting out her
drink)

Modeling? Are you kidding? He's way too much of a dork.

Francie pulls up a photo on her phone of Brad, shirtless, posing with the hang ten gesture in front of a powerpoint slide that reads: "PHOTOLITHOGRAPHED SEMICONDUCTORS: LET'S GET BAKED AND EXPOSE SOME SILICON WAFERS".

TARA

Are we looking at the same person? He's a perfect ten.

FRANCIE

You don't have to sugar coat it for me, Tara. I know what he looks like, but I still love him. Can you believe it's been seven years?

TARA

No. I really can't. You know what the US Census Bureau says about the seven year mark...

She doesn't. A GIRL, 12, nervously approaches Francie.

GIRL

Sorry for interrupting, but are you Francie Lee?

TARA

Apologizing for an act while you are in the process of committing it is in poor taste, but you are excused. And yes, she is.

GIRL
 (to Francie)
 Oh my God! I watch your videos
 everyday and I am obsessed with you.

Girl LAUGHS STRONGLY AND AWKWARDLY.

GIRL (CONT'D)
 Would you take a selfie with me?

FRANCIE
 Nothing would make me happier.

Lighting dramatically shifts. Winds blow. They take a perfect selfie.

GIRL
 Thank you, follow me on Instagram, I
 love you, goodbye!

Girl sprints away. Tara collects her things and stands.

TARA
 Well, I'm caught up. This was lovely.

FRANCIE
 What? But you've barely touched your
 matcha!

TARA
 What can I say, we were efficient.
 We hugged, caught up on each other's
 lives, and even shared a laugh, which
 is extra.

FRANCIE
 You can't quantify our quality time!

TARA
 I can. I just did. Numbers-wise, it
 was great.

INT. PANOPTICONTENT MEDIA - CORNER OFFICE - LATER

MARISSA, 40s, a fierce business woman, sits at a desk in a sleek executive office lined with overly cute "mantra" posters (i.e. "When they go low, we eat pie"). On the other side of the desk sit Francie and Karen, who holds a small Italian greyhound support dog.

MARISSA
 Thank you so much for taking the
 time to meet with me today.

FRANCIE
 I always have time for you!
 (MORE)

FRANCIE (CONT'D)

You are, and forgive me for being so forward, goals.

MARISSA

That's sweet. You know I love you and your content, Francie --

KAREN

And Karen?

MARISSA

Sure, you too, Karen. You're a great producer, yada yada.

(to Francie)

But you're getting older. And your content just isn't speaking to our audience or our brands anymore.

KAREN

She's 25.

MARISSA

Exactly, Karen, thank you. You're aging out! You're far too... mature and un-relatable for juice cleanses and gratefulness diaries.

FRANCIE

Got it, great note. Should we think about pivoting to exercise videos or --

MARISSA

God, no! You're not getting it.

(re: Francie's body)

That old thing? In spandex? Embrace the aging process, hun.

KAREN

Again, she's 25. And don't people still want to watch juice cleanses and gratefulness diaries?

MARISSA

Yes, but they want to watch Electra doing them!

FRANCIE

Who's Electra?

Marissa takes pulls up a video of ELECTRA (rainbow hair and as vapid as a 12-year-old can get). She speaks into the camera while brushing her hair and dropping so much "slang" she might as well be speaking another language.

ELECTRA (On iPad)

Tepid woke JOMO go BAH! Whatever.

FRANCIE

Her hair is on fleek! But what did she say?

MARISSA

Francie, no one says "on fleek" anymore. This is exactly my point. If you can't keep up with simple new slang, you can't keep up with our audience. You might be better suited as a mommy vlogger.

FRANCIE

But we don't do mommy content here.

KAREN

And neither of us are... mommies.

MARISSA

Thank you for making this easy. Yes, we're letting you both go.

EXT. PANOPTICCONTENT MEDIA - CORNER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Francie and Karen, still toting her support dog, smile at each other. The door to Marissa's office SLAMS behind them and Karen immediately breaks down, hysterical.

KAREN

Francie, it's all over! We're done for! Look at me, I'm a wreck. Look at Riesling!

(holding out shivering dog)

He's going to need his own emotional support dog after all this.

FRANCIE

Oh, you! You're such an alarmist. Want to get a smoothie?

KAREN

I always want to get a smoothie! How are you so calm?

FRANCIE

Things just have a way of working themselves out, you know what I mean?

KAREN

Francie, I am a producer...so, no.

FRANCIE

Relax! I have a plan. But first, you need some zen. Follow me!

Francie marches out. Karen follows, reluctantly.

KAREN

Don't get me too zen, or poor Riesling
will be out of a job, too.

Karen LAUGHS, then CRIES.

INT. SPA - MOMENTS LATER

Karen and Francie are getting massaged side by side. Riesling
is in a body wrap. The masseuses exit.

FRANCIE

How do you feel?

KAREN

I'm still concerned, but I can't
seem to move any of my muscles to so
much as tap my bank app.

FRANCIE

Self care is important. \$200 may
seem like a lot, but it's worth it.

Karen's body seizes like a possum as every muscle tenses up.

KAREN

\$200?! For a ten minute massage?

FRANCIE

A ten minute massage by experts.

KAREN

And look at me now, I'm worse than
before.

Karen's body eases a little, but she sporadically spasms.

FRANCIE

It's okay, I've got this one.

KAREN

So... what's this plan you had?

Francie takes out her phone and types. She sends an email.

FRANCIE

Done. I just sent an email about a
new host position at Lifetime.

KAREN

Sure, but that's a highly competitive--

Francie's PHONE BUZZES. She gets a new email and SQUEALS.

FRANCIE

Yay! I have an interview tomorrow.

Karen struggles to straighten her body out as she monologues.

KAREN

Great. And me? I'll figure something out. Somehow. Someway. Don't worry about Karen, she's still got a few tricks up her sleeve --

FRANCIE

Karen, as long as I have a job, you have a job. I need you!

KAREN

Thank God, I was bluffing. I have nothing and no one.

FRANCIE

(re: Karen's body)

But I can't pay for another massage to fix all that.

KAREN

Oh, I'll be fine. My body will release in forty to sixty minutes.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - EVENING

Brad is sitting at a table in a dimly lit, romantic restaurant wearing a blazer over his naked chest. Francie enters and kisses him on the cheek.

BRAD

Hey babe! How was your day?

FRANCIE

It was great!

BRAD

I wanted to talk to you about something kind of serious.

The waiter comes over and pours two glasses of wine. Brad starts to take a sip. Francie stops him.

FRANCIE

Wait, I have to capture this for my followers. You look too perfect.

Francie takes out her phone and begins filming.

BRAD

We need to break up.

FRANCIE

(putting down phone,
deflated)

I'll go ahead and stop the live video feed of this now.

INT. TARA LEE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Enter Tara and Francie, holding a duffel bag. There is a pull out couch set up.

TARA

Are you sure you're okay?

FRANCIE

Are you kidding? I can finally be the Carrie Bradshaw I want to see in the world.

TARA

You know you can be heartbroken.

FRANCIE

I'm not broken! I'm better than ever. Look at me!

Francie smiles, genuinely, and gives a thumbs up. She holds her pose while Tara considers this. She is convinced.

TARA

I can't argue with facts.

Enter JULIE (27, Daria Morgendorffer incarnate) scowling. She crosses her arms.

JULIE

Who are you?

Francie eagerly holds out her hand. Julie won't budge. Francie shakes her elbow.

FRANCIE

Hi Julie! I'm Tara's sister. It's so nice to finally meet you. I'm so small, see how small I am? I'm tiny! So I don't take up a lot of space --

JULIE

(to Tara)

No. Her positive energy will interfere with my creative process.

TARA

She'll grow on you.

FRANCIE

It usually takes three days to love me.

JULIE

I'm a poet and an artist. I love immediately, with my entire being, or not at all.

TARA

Well, Francie and her boyfriend just parted ways --

FRANCIE

He's gotta find himself in Bali and he's gotta do it alone. I understand.

TARA

So she had to leave their apartment --

FRANCIE

His family owns it and they already sublet it to a really cute new couple!

TARA

And she's looking for a new job --

FRANCIE

(beaming)

I was replaced by a twelve year old!

JULIE

Jesus Christ.

FRANCIE

Died for your sins! Just kidding, I'm very relaxed about religion stuff.

JULIE

I can only imagine the incredible art you'll make with all that torment.

(to Tara)

She can stay.

FRANCIE

Yay! Thanks! And, yeah, it's exactly the kind of content I put on YouTube.

JULIE

Youtube? You mean the thief of individuality? The murderer of authenticity? The enemy of art?

FRANCIE

Yeah, Youtube!

TARA

You've already agreed, we have a verbal contract!

Julie GROANS and storms out. Francie sits on the pull out.

FRANCIE

Well, I should hit the hay. I need to get up early for an interview tomorrow.

Francie takes off her dress, revealing an elegant nightgown underneath. She climbs into bed and puts on an eye mask.

INT. LIFETIME OFFICES - RECEPTION - THE NEXT MORNING

Francie walks through a hallway wearing a hat a la the Mary Tyler Moore intro. She spins as she enters the lobby and throws up her hat, which gets caught in a ceiling fan and THUDS to the floor. She approaches the RECEPTIONIST.

FRANCIE

Good morning! I'm here for Ava Barker.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, Francie Lee? Go right in, they're expecting you.

INT. LIFETIME OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Francie sits across from a BOARD OF DIVERSE, MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN.

FRANCIE

Good morning, everyone!

BOARD MEMBER #1

So, Francie, we're looking for a young woman to join as another host for a new show we're developing.

BOARD MEMBER #2

Think: The View. It'll be varied women discussing current events.

FRANCIE

Like Sunday brunch, but every day! You can use that if you want.

BOARD MEMBER #1

Um...sure.

BOARD MEMBER #2

We just want to get a gauge on your political opinions and how you might fit in alongside our other hosts.

FRANCIE

Great, I have so many opinions!
 (pointing at board member)
 I love your scarf. Oh, look, there's one now!

The board members exchange glances; she's a handful.

SERIES OF SHOTS

We see excerpts from Francie's interview in short bursts.

1. Francie addresses the board.

FRANCIE

I think the rising rate of depression in the youth is awful. We all need to come together and work harder to stay positive. Depression is just a product of not enough self care.

2. Board Member #2 poses a question.

BOARD MEMBER #2

What do you think about the situation in Puerto Rico?

FRANCIE

I have been dying to travel to the Carribean. I love the culture!

3. Board Member #3 poses a final question

BOARD MEMBER #3

Our country is irreparably divided --

FRANCIE

I know, right?!

INT. LIFETIME NETWORK OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - MUCH LATER

The board looks exhausted and broken. Francie looks better than when she came in.

BOARD MEMBER #1

We're sorry, Francie, we don't think this will be a good fit. Our audience wants to hear from women with a little more...life experience.

FRANCIE

That's so funny because I lost my last job for being too old!

BOARD MEMBER #2

It's not that you're too young, it's your attitude. It's great how positive you are, but our audience wants women who have overcome obstacles. Who have experienced hardship. A host who can be gritty and real.

FRANCIE

(compulsively)
Yecch. That's not really who I am.

BOARD MEMBER #3

Frankly, Francie --

Francie GASPS.

FRANCIE

(sotto)

That's my show.

BOARD MEMBER #3

I don't think you've lived one
difficult day in your entire life.

Francie honestly considers this. They're right.

FRANCIE

You're right. I haven't.

(then, introspective)

Wow, I'm too old to be positive and
too positive to be old -- no offense.
It's almost like there's no established
place for me in this industry.

(snapping back to
chipper)

Thank you so much for your time!

BOARD MEMBER #2

Of course! It was great meeting you.

FRANCIE

Yes, meeting all of you has
unfortunately been another one of my
many great experiences, ha ha!

BOARD MEMBER #1

Hey... don't be discouraged --

FRANCIE

Oh, I'm not!

BOARD MEMBER #3

-- You're just not right for our
audience.

This strikes a chord. Francie has a small, but loud epiphany.

FRANCIE

Of course! I don't need your audience
or Electra's audience! I have my own
three million twitter followers who
will watch me do anything. With those
numbers, I can easily get the views
and funding to do my own show. And
do it my way.

(singing "My Way")

"AND NOW / THE END IS NEAR --"

BOARD MEMBER #1

Please leave.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. CAFE - LATER

Francie sits at a table and waves over Karen, who enters with Riesling, and sits down across from her, excited.

FRANCIE

Great news!

KAREN

Yes..!?

FRANCIE

We did not get the job at Lifetime.

Karen continues to smile, but the joy has left her face. She picks up Riesling, who has noticeably less hair than the last time we saw him, and pats him, anxiously.

KAREN

Do you know how bad news works?

FRANCIE

There's no such thing as bad news, just bad attitudes! Here's the deal. I'm not a good fit because I haven't "experienced any hardship". But, on the bright side --

KAREN

Aside from avoiding hardship for your entire lifetime thus far?

FRANCIE

-- I figured out how to save our jobs. By making our own show!

KAREN

Without a network? I've been a producer for over ten years, Francie, I would have thought of a way to do that by now.

FRANCIE

No, we don't need other people telling us what people will and won't watch! I don't wanna say I'm the voice of my generation...

KAREN

You are the sweet, bird-like squawk of a couple generations.

FRANCIE

With our audience and advertisers,
we can fund all of this ourselves!

KAREN

That's actually a good idea.
(sotto, to Riesling)
I am dead weight.

FRANCIE

We just need a new hook. A new angle.
A fresh take. An innovative spin.

They think for a moment, inspired.

KAREN

What if it's the old show, but with
a new name?

FRANCIE

I love where your head is at, but
after seeing Electra totally elevate
the YouTube medium, I think we have
to do something drastically different.

KAREN

Okay, well we used to make a show
about how great you and your life
were. Maybe we can focus on how
horrible it all is now.

FRANCIE

And just whine because a few things
went wrong? That sounds like Lifetime --
their network is a bunch of sad sacks
who love to complain and get all bent
out of shape about the news. Yuck!

KAREN

Ugh, aren't things hard enough?

FRANCIE

Exactly. We can find a way to be new
and innovative without competing
with Electra or becoming those cynics
over at Lifetime, easy!

KAREN

Okay... how? Because I just have a
mortgage to pa-

FRANCIE

You can't rush the muse, Karen!

INT. TARA LEE'S LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Francie and Tara sit on the couch. Francie reads "The Lovely Bones", Tara reads "Infinite Jest". Julie enters, exasperated, and collapses on the couch.

JULIE

I just went on the worst date.

TARA

Was he worse than shoe-sniffer?

JULIE

Worse than naked-boat-captain.

FRANCIE

These nicknames are giving me an incomplete, yet incredibly vivid picture.

JULIE

And at least naked-boat-captain inspired my greatest short story to date: "Adrift". This one hardly warrants an anecdote!

TARA

Julie, please. Elaborate.

JULIE

So, he picks up a call from his friend. Which is fine, no big deal. But then he says...

INT. BAR - EARLIER THAT NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Julie exits a bathroom and walks back toward her DATE, who is sitting at their table, talking into his phone.

DATE

Not much, man. Just kinda on a date. She just went to the bathroom.

Julie smiles and walks a little faster.

DATE (CONT'D)

I don't know, maybe a six? On a good day?

(laughing)

No, it is not a good day.

INT. TARA LEE'S LIVING ROOM - AS BEFORE

Tara slaps Julie across the face in shock.

JULIE
 (re: slap)
 That's what I said!

FRANCIE
 Six what?

JULIE
 He was ranking me on a scale of 1-10. And he was very stingy.

FRANCIE
 But how do you know what his friend asked on the other end of the phone?

TARA
 We can infer. It's pretty obvious.

FRANCIE
 Wow, you both really think the worst of people, don't you?

JULIE
 Yes.

TARA
 Just most men.

FRANCIE
 Well that's not fair!

TARA
 You don't know, you've been out of the dating game for seven years!

JULIE
 It's a bloodbath out there.

Francie GASPS, scared. Tara reassures her.

TARA
 In a metaphorical, emotional assault kind of way.

JULIE
 And sometimes a literal bloodbath.

TARA
 Yes, men are our number one cause of death.

FRANCIE
 It can't be that bad!

JULIE
 We should make you a Tinder so you can really understand the inevitable hardship that is online dating.

This lands with Francie. She stands up.

FRANCIE

That's it! Girls, make me a profile.
I have a call to make.

Francie exits. Tara takes out her phone and starts to create a profile for Francie. Julie GROANS: "do we have to?"

TARA

Come on, you did just offer.

JULIE

Fine. But I will not upload any of her selfies. That is where I draw the line.

TARA

You're being ridiculous. She objectively looks better in selfies.

JULIE

(sarcastic)

Oh, great, should we also write "good vibes only" in her about me?

TARA

Do you really want to leave that out and risk attracting bad vibes?

INT. TARA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Francie takes out her phone and dials. As it RINGS, she looks at herself in the mirror and fusses with her hair.

INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Karen has one hand in her kitchen drain and answers the phone with the other.

KAREN

Hey Francie, can I call you back?

INTERCUT BETWEEN FRANCIE AND KAREN

FRANCIE

I'm going on a date!

Karen rips her hand out of the drain, her gloved hand holding a fistful of brown hair.

KAREN

(re: hair)

What? How is this possible? I am blonde. And I live alone.

FRANCIE

Aw, Karen, you'll find someone someday.

KAREN

No, I--never mind. I don't think you're ready to go on a date. You just got out of a relationship.

Francie lays her hair on her forehead to simulate bangs.

FRANCIE

I am ready. Also, should I get bangs?

KAREN

Absolutely not, and that just proves my point. You need more time to mourn Brad.

FRANCIE

Look, Brad was a wonderful partner, but our time has come to an end and I, for one, am excited to greet the new dawn of Francie, who may or may not have bangs.

KAREN

She will not.

FRANCIE

And part of my new journey as a single woman is experiencing new...hardships.

KAREN

Is this your new show idea? I thought you didn't want to complain?

FRANCIE

But I wouldn't be! It's true, I have been lucky so far. But that's not the whole reason I'm so positive. And I want to prove it... By seeking out suffering for the sake of our show!

KAREN

Um...

FRANCIE

Okay, have you noticed how all of these single people are already bracing themselves for the worst? They're so angry! And sad! So sad.

CUT TO:

INT. TARA LEE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Tara and Julie are hovered over a phone, editing Francie's profile.

TARA

Have you ever admired yourself in
the mirror, but then realized that...

TARA (CONT'D)

...your beauty is
contingent on your
youth and you wonder
what you'll be left
with when you're old
and no longer sexualized
by society?

JULIE

...your beauty is contingent
on your youth and you wonder
what you'll be left with
when you're old and no
longer sexualized by
society?

JULIE (CONT'D)

Yes, all the time!

BACK TO SCENE

INTERCUT BETWEEN FRANCIE AND KAREN

KAREN

I guess they're a little sad, yeah.

FRANCIE

But I'm different! I'm optimistic.

KAREN

Of course you are. Cynicism doesn't
sell. At least not on Youtube.

FRANCIE

So, let's start overcoming our own
hardships and turning them into
episodes. We can collect them all!

KAREN

I don't think you want to collect
traumatic experiences, Francie.

FRANCIE

Yes, I do. I want to test the limits
of my positive, can-do spirit!

KAREN

Huh. That's a pretty good pitch.

FRANCIE

Right?! And, for my first hardship,
we're starting small: online dating.

KAREN
(horrified)
Good. Good.

FRANCIE
Okay, I'm getting bangs. Bye!

Karen SCREAMS in protest as Francie hangs up on her.

INT. TARA LEE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Francie enters. Tara and Julie give her a phone with her new Tinder profile open. Francie plays for a second, then:

FRANCIE
Done! I have a date tomorrow.

TARA
How could you agree to a date without properly vetting him through the two experts sitting right next to you?

Tara grabs the phone and looks at a photo of TOM (28, ruggedly handsome). Julie looks over her shoulder.

FRANCIE
He's cute, right?

JULIE
Please tell me his profile at least has a photo of a car or a screenshot of his credit score.

FRANCIE
Is that good?

JULIE
For my own self-esteem, yes.

TARA
He's clean. Nice work, Francie.

Julie SCREAMS into a throw pillow. Francie comforts her, totally misunderstanding her meltdown.

FRANCIE
Hey, don't worry. I'll get his credit score tomorrow, okay?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. TARA'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Francie sits in front of her laptop, addressing her viewers.

FRANCIE

Hey guys! I've missed you all so much the last few days. How have you been? Sound off in the comments!

INT. TARA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Francie gets ready for her date as her monologue continues. She shaves her legs, curls her hair, puts on makeup, zips up her dress. She googles "Dawson's Creek Joey Potter", watches a clip, and mimics her side smile in the mirror.

FRANCIE (V.O.)

Anyway, I wanted to check in and say that, just because Panopticontent Media has ended, doesn't mean our friendship has to! I have so much more I want to tell you all about, but I need your help! If I'm going to keep making videos, I need you to like, subscribe, and share! If you don't, we can't be friends anymore and it'll be all your fault. Bye, loves, talk to you soon!

INT. BAR - LATER

Francie and Tom sit across from each other, GIGGLING and drinking wine.

FRANCIE

So, do you have any siblings?

TOM

No, but I did grow up with a dog who was basically like a brother. He even dressed better than I did.

FRANCIE

Aw! We had a dog for a little while, but my sister was allergic, so we had to give him up for adoption.

TOM

I would have hated my sister!

She LAUGHS.

FRANCIE

No, there's always a silver lining,
you know? Like, without a dog, we
could go on more vacations and--

She sees Tom staring at her, dazzled, and gets self-conscious.

FRANCIE (CONT'D)

I don't know, maybe that sounds silly.

TOM

No! Not at all! I admire the way you
are always finding the good in every
situation. It's...

Overwhelmed, he shakes his head and holds up his glass.

TOM (CONT'D)

I never thought I'd cheers to online
dating, but this has actually been
really nice.

FRANCIE

To Tinder!

They CLINK glasses and gaze into each other's eyes while
sipping their drinks.

FRANCIE (CONT'D)

So...what's your credit score?

INT. TARA LEE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Francie enters and closes the door with her body, dreamily
thinking about the date she just had. Her phone buzzes. On
it, a text from "Tom <3 <3 <3" reads: "I know I just dropped
you off and I'm supposed to wait before texting you but I
couldn't help myself..."

Her phone BUZZES again as she receives another message,
reading: "I had a great time and I'd love to do this again-
and soon!"

Francie smiles and collapses on the sofa bed, giddy. Julie
enters with a bowl of cereal.

JULIE

You're home early. The date must
have been bad. Was it bad? Tell me
all about how bad it was.

FRANCIE

Julie...it was incredible.

JULIE

Go to hell.

FRANCIE

He just texted me. He wants to see me again tomorrow.

JULIE

He texted you minutes after your first date?

FRANCIE

Yeah, he was just too excited!

JULIE

(relieved)

Oh! So he's a freak.

FRANCIE

He does seem sexually adventurous, though I've yet to get to know him...in the biblical sense.

JULIE

(beaming)

Not that kind of freak. It gives me no pleasure to tell you this, but that is an enormous red flag, waving right in your face. The breeze may feel nice, but it is oh-so-sinister.

FRANCIE

Who hurt you, Julie?

JULIE

Ben, Kevin, Tyson, Ned, Gregory, Sam, Peter, Jordan, and Ben.

FRANCIE

You already said Ben.

JULIE

Yes. Ben R. and Ben K.

FRANCIE

Well, you're wrong about Tom. I can read people pretty well and he's a good guy. I can tell.

JULIE

Jokes on you, those don't exist.

FRANCIE

People are good, Julie.

(MORE)

FRANCIE (CONT'D)

You just need to believe it to see it. And cynicism may be "cool" or whatever, but it doesn't sell.

JULIE

I'm not cynical. I'm a poet.

(then, petulant)

I'm out of cereal. Nothing good ever lasts.

EXT. CAFE - THE NEXT DAY

Francie sits outside a cafe drinking a latte. Karen enters and sits across from her.

KAREN

Francie, honey, the teaser looks amazing. I could kiss you!

FRANCIE

I know, right?! And all the comments have been so supportive. It's crazy how kind people are on the internet.

KAREN

I've already been contacted by twelve brands. "Kitchenary Position" will give us a huge advance if we advertise their waffle iron in the dating video. Can you make that work?

FRANCIE

"I, Francie, take thee iron, to be my Waffly-Wedded-Breakfast."

KAREN

You are an artist. Seriously, I could kiss you!

FRANCIE

Please don't, I'm already spoken for.

KAREN

Oh! I guess the first episode is coming along well, huh?

FRANCIE

Last night was one of the most romantic nights of my life.

KAREN

Wow. I've only ever had one romantic first date in my life.

(teary eyed, remembering)

In fact, he may have been the only man I ever loved, but I left him for --

FRANCIE

Yeah, anyway, I'm seeing him again tonight.

KAREN

That's so fast!

FRANCIE

Yeah, dating is actually super easy.

KAREN

(smiling through rage)
Uh-huh.

FRANCIE

And I think I have some real insight into what people are doing wrong.

KAREN

It's that thing where we always ask if they have siblings, right? I mean, why do we even care?

Francie's phone RINGS. It's "Tom <3 <3 <3".

FRANCIE

Oh my God, it's him!
(answers)
Hey there, stranger.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Tom stands by his window and talks into the phone.

TOM

So, tonight...I was thinking that maybe I could make you dinner.

INTERCUT BETWEEN TOM AND FRANCIE

FRANCIE

You can cook, too?

TOM

I'm the full package.

FRANCIE

(seductive)
Full package, huh? I think I'll be the judge of that.

ANGLE ON Karen, uncomfortable.

KAREN

Do you want me to leave?

ANGLE BACK ON Tom and Francie.

TOM
(flirty)
You're a bit of a firecracker, huh?

FRANCIE
Firecracker...add a little heat and
I'll explode with a loud bang? That
sounds about right.

TOM
Ha, I like the sound of that. Come
over at 8? I'll text you the address.

FRANCIE
See you then, stud.

Francie hangs up, head in the clouds. Karen COUGHS.

FRANCIE (CONT'D)
(jumping)
Oh my God, Karen, you scared me! Did
you hear all of that?
(off Karen's nod)
Great. Any notes?

KAREN
The firecracker line was sloppy,
but, with a little copy-editing, it
could be very sexy.

Francie nods, takes out a notebook, and writes this down.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Tom opens his door and lets Francie into his apartment. It's sparse, but in a modern, minimalist way.

TOM
You look great.

They kiss and he leads her to a candlelit table. He seats her in front of a bowl of pasta.

FRANCIE
This smells amazing.

TOM
It's a spaghetti bolognese, which is
just a fancy way to say meat sauce.
It's simple, but an old family recipe.
(winks)
And one of my specialties.

FRANCIE
I can't argue with tradition.

TOM
Cheers to that.

They CLINK glasses and sip their wine. Francie takes a bite of pasta. He watches her with wonder.

TOM (CONT'D)
God, you are so sexy when you eat.

Francie GIGGLES as she chews, then notices he's not eating.

FRANCIE
(mouth full)
Aren't you gonna have some?

TOM
Oh, God, no. I wouldn't eat that.
No, I made that special for you.

FRANCIE
Vegetarian?

TOM
No.

FRANCIE
(ignoring his weird
response)
Yeah, I could never cut out me--

Tom SHUSHES her and reaches across the table to shovel more food into her mouth. Francie GIGGLES and chews happily.

TOM
There you go. Yeah, eat up.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LATER

The table is cleared. Tom and Francie stand by the exit, where there are two doors. They kiss, passionately.

FRANCIE
Thanks so much for making me dinner.
Call me tomorrow?

TOM
Definitely.

She opens a door -- the wrong one. Tom SLAMS it shut and YELLS:

TOM (CONT'D)
Not that door!

FRANCIE

(laughing)

Whoops! What do you have in there? A dead body or something?

Tom shrugs: "yeah, actually."

FRANCIE (CONT'D)

(laughing harder)

Oh, you! You're so crazy!

Francie kisses him again and exits through the right door.

INT. TARA LEE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Julie and Tara are eating ramen together on the couch. Francie enters.

JULIE

You're home before ten? Again? Who is this loser you're dating?

FRANCIE

You guys, he's totally perfect! He made me dinner. Pasta -- he's Italian, which is great, because I really fit in with big, loud families.

JULIE

You're imagining future Thanksgivings with them already, aren't you?

FRANCIE

I can't wait to tell John and Marie what a spectacular boy they raised.

TARA

Okay, Francie, we've all had a promising second date before, but that doesn't always mean that--

FRANCIE

It'll be nice to come home to some freshly cooked meals.

TARA

Hang on --

FRANCIE

It's great to go into a relationship with a foundation of trust, you know?

TARA

Francie, can you hear me?

FRANCIE

(no)

Oh! I have to show you this photo of him in a tux. He'll look so good when we have to attend a gala...

Francie looks through her phone. Julie and Tara sidebar.

TARA

She's too far gone. We'll have to wait for her to burn out.

JULIE

Like the death of a star, getting brighter and brighter, until she finally explodes, becoming a black hole, where no light can ever escape.

(then)

Like us.

TARA

(jolted)

Wow. Yes.

(then)

I think I just "got" poetry.

FRANCIE

His profile is gone. Did he delete his Tinder? What does that mean?

JULIE

Holy shit. You closed the account.

FRANCIE

What?

TARA

He officially declared he's done looking.

Francie beams, then her stomach RUMBLES. She winces, grabs Julie's bowl of ramen and vomits into it.

JULIE

Cool, I guess I'm done eating.

EXT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Julie and Tara stand outside the bathroom door calling in to Francie, who is LOUDLY VOMITING behind the closed door.

TARA

Are you okay in there, Francie?

Silence. Then more vomit from behind the door. Francie speaks between RETCHING.

FRANCIE (O.S.)

He also plays tennis every weekend,
so you know he would make sure our
children got enough exercise.

TARA

(to Julie)

It's getting worse.

JULIE

I know. Now they have children?

TARA

What? No, she's been in there for
three hours and it's not slowing
down.

FRANCIE (O.S.)

I always imagined having two girls,
but, of course, Tom will want a son!

TARA

Francie, focus. We need to take you
to the Emergency Room. Now.

FRANCIE (O.S.)

Oh no, I hope Tom didn't get sick!

Julie realizes something. Smiling, she feigns concern.

JULIE

Do you think he...poisoned her?

TARA

No! Of course he didn't.
(skeptical)
She's just...sick.

JULIE

Maybe. Or maybe he deleted his Tinder
and fled the country!

TARA

Stop it. That's ridiculous.
(knocks on door)
I'm calling us a cab, okay?

JULIE

I'm coming. Nothing ever happens to
me and I want to write a stirring
yet thoughtful memoir one day.

INT. CAB - MOMENTS LATER

Francie holds a bucket sitting in between a miserable Julie
and Tara.

TARA

(sotto)

Ew, ew, ew, ew, ew, ew, ew, ew

Francie puts her hand on Tara's knee and gives her a queasy smile. Tara struggles to smile back.

FRANCIE

Look at me! Am I not the luckiest girl in the world? I have two best friends, a fabulous new boyfriend--

Francie vomits into the bucket.

JULIE

Can you aim that away from me? I'm getting backsplash.

FRANCIE

Whoops! Oh, I should text Tom and see if he's okay.

Francie pulls out her phone and shoots off a text.

FRANCIE (CONT'D)

I lo--

(vomits)

Love you guys. I love you guys.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Francie sits on an examination table in a hospital gown. Julie and Tara quietly stand across from her.

Francie looks at her phone. Her text to Tom didn't go through. She sends it again and a message pops up: "ERROR: INVALID NUMBER". What the hell?

DOCTOR enters holding a clipboard.

DOCTOR

Hi there, Francie. How are we doing?

FRANCIE

I've stopped throwing up!

DOCTOR

Good girl! We got your test results back. What exactly did you do today, kiddo?

TARA

Don't patronize her, she is an adult.

DOCTOR
 (rolls eyes)
 Okay. What did you do today, ma'am?

FRANCIE
 I went to the petting zoo, then
 trampolining, then I went to a pottery
 painting party...and then I went on
 the best date of my whole life!

DOCTOR
 Did you eat at any of these places?

FRANCIE
 I had a big parfait for breakfast,
 so I didn't eat until my date. He
 made me dinner.

DOCTOR
 Uh-huh. What did he make?

FRANCIE
 It was pasta with his homemade meat
 sauce. It was delicious.

DOCTOR
 Did you see him prepare it?

FRANCIE
 I wish. Cooking is so sexy.

DOCTOR
 Don't panic, but I'm going to need
 his address and a description--

FRANCIE
 He's a tall brunette, with piercing
 blue eyes, like cool glaciers sitting
 on a cloud. He lives in a cute,
 minimalist--

DOCTOR
 Okay, listen, there's no easy way to
 tell you this, but you have a protein
 present in your results that is only
 found in people who have consumed...
 human flesh.

Julie softly LAUGHS, trying to contain herself. Tara is
 stunned. Francie smiles, misery beginning to crack through.

FRANCIE
 Well, on the bright side...

Francie vomits.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG**INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Francie enters Tom's -- now almost completely cleared out -- apartment through the ajar front door. She looks over and sees the shirt he wore on their date on the floor. She picks it up, sniffs it, and SIGHS. She really liked him. Behind her, police officers file in and begin combing the scene for evidence.

FRANCIE (V.O.)

All in all, I'd give my first online date a 5 out of 10. He was so sweet up until the point he served me human meat and he was also really hot.

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Francie stands in front of a line-up of Tom and Tom look-a-likes. She points him out and he grotesquely snarls and spits on the ground as the police drag him away. She places her hand longingly on the glass: "the one that got away".

FRANCIE (V.O.)

It may have made me throw up for hours, but honestly it tasted pretty good!

EXT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Francie stands outside the police station flirting with the four other Tom look-a-likes. They all take turns putting their number in her phone. She smiles nervously. Does she have to date these guys?

FRANCIE (V.O.)

And I would definitely do it again. You can't avoid all men just because you kiss one murderer, right?

EXT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

Francie and Karen excitedly watch the finished, now-viral video on a laptop. There are 3 million views and thousands of comments (i.e. "I never knew Francie was secretly hardcore.", "Holy shit this is the best web-series ever")

In the video, Francie addresses the camera. She looks significantly more broken, but fights through it with a smile.

FRANCIE (on Laptop)

I mean, it all worked out in the end. I ended up sending my date to jail which, when you think about it, is like a really cool feminist thing to do. So I'm glad I went on this date. In fact, I gotta go, I have a date tonight. See you all next time!

END OF EPISODE